

Letters In Wartime

Matthew Good

There's a way over you don't go
Count the days all silent, pinned and roped
Well there's dynamite in that tunnel for the matchbox in your head
You know, curious canaries suffer no fools in their stead

We got lost at sea once night deceived
Bitter tried you bleed, a bear that's treed
Where not everything comes forgettable

This is the time I've waited for you
Bordered a line I can't ignore
Taken a life I've waited to come again

It's the only way that I talk
And you've always know that it was
It's the only way I can tell you
Like letters in wartime do

Been lost at sea for years deceived
Chased by sets of French Corvettes
Where not everything comes forgettable